

The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XXV.—NO. 42.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, THURSDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 20, 1892.

PRICE, 3 CENTS.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Do you understand the Sheep Question?

It's furnishing a heap of political thunder just now. It furnishes a table question the year round. It's full of meat. Our side of it is the all-wool side. Country clothes used to be a reproach. There was the Blue Jeans joke; and the home-made spinning joke; and the home-made making joke.

For over thirty-one years we've been killing off the jokes by clothing the country about us in the Wanamaker & Brown manufacture of Clothing. We turn all-wool cloth into the most perfect clothing that can be manufactured. We buy cloth by the carload; make Suits and Overcoats by the thousand, the five hundred or the hundred—as we think the goods are likely to be popular; and sell them as near cost as we dare to, and insure ourselves a solvent business.

Great and greater sales have attended us every year in this generous plan of clothing you; and our Ready-Made Clothing has become the American standard.

Thirty Dollar Suits
Twenty Dollar Suits
Ten Dollar Suits

Thirty Dollar Overcoats
Twenty Dollar Overcoats
Ten Dollar Overcoats

Dress Clothing and Every-Day Clothing, of qualities we know to be reliable, sold at lower prices by 15 to 20 per cent. than prices usual in Clothing stores, because we save a profit by manufacturing and selling the Clothing ourselves.

Wanamaker & Brown,
Sixth and Market, Philadelphia.

We pay railroad excursion fare from Middletown if you purchase \$30 worth.

GREAT REDUCTIONS.

The Entire Stock of W. H. Moore & Co.

MUST BE SOLD AT ONCE IN ORDER TO SETTLE THE BUSINESS OF THE FIRM, THEREFORE THERE WILL BE A GREAT SACRIFICE OF THE GOODS.

W. H. MOORE AND CO.

NOW OPEN! NEW STORE UNDER TOWN HALL.

We place before customers daily Bargains in every line we offer. No Bait. Every article a Guaranteed Bargain. Don't these prices please you?

INS. full count, per paper, 1c. Best Needles, per paper, 1c. 8-11, Silk, 3c. Darning Needles, 5 for 1c. Carpet tacks, dozen papers, 2c. 25 Good Envelopes, 3c. 144 sheets Note Paper, 3c. Fool's Cap, 2 sheets, 1c. 6 Slate Pencils 1c. or 12c. per 100. 3 Good Lamp Wick, 5 for 1c. Best Pins, 3 for 1c. Shoe Buttons, per dozen, 1c. Bone Collar Buttons, per dozen, 4c. Safety Pins, large, per dozen, 2c. 25000 yards of Lace, 1c. and up. 20,000 yards Ribbon per yard, 2 to 10c. 100 Dozen Men and Boys' Suspenders per pair, 5c. to 30c. 50 Dozen Ladies Corsets, 25c. to 40c. 90 Dozen Children's Black Hose large size, 7c. Men's Heavy Hose, 5c. Gents' Fine Hose, 7c. to 10c. Extra Good Spool Cotton, 2c. Stewart's Best Thread, 5c. Hair Pins, per pound, 12c. P. N. Corset Steels, 3c. Men's Linen Collars, 5c. to 8c. 25 Dozen Boy's Shirts, 10c. to 25c. 75 Dozen Men's Shirts, 10c. to 25c. Children's Undershirts and Pants, 10c. Men's Pants, 7c. to \$2.00. Boys' Suits, Jackets and Knee Pants, 12c. 175 Dozen pair of Men's and Boys' Overalls. 500 yards Shelf Oil Cloth, 3c. to 7c. per yard. Big stock Glassware of all kind. Shoemaker's Findings, 4c. to 10c. All kinds of Brushes—White Wash Paint and Scrub, cheaper than the cheapest. Tinware—4 qt. coffee pot, 17c.; 3 qt. 13c.; 2 qt. 10c. 1 qt. 8c. Hardware—Rivets and Burs, 13c.; cut Nails 24c. per pound. Hinges, 2, 3 and 4c. per pair. Pad Locks 5 to 10c. Auger Bits, 4 inch, 6c.; 5-16 inch, 7c.; 1 inch, 8c.; 1 1/2 inch, 10c. Door Locks, 18 to 22c. Bells, 1/3 inches, 7c. per dozen. Hog Rings, 100 in box, 10c. Mann's Axes, 50c. Tack Hammers, 3 to 5c. Hatchets, 8 to 30c. Monkey Wrenches, 8 to 30c. Saw Handles, 8c. Spring Balances, 24 lbs. 8c. Horse Clippers, \$1.15. Garden Rakes, 10 teeth, 10c.

—ONE PRICE TO ALL—

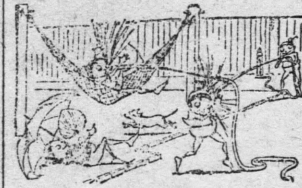
In case any purchase made from us does not prove perfectly satisfactory bring it back and your money will be refunded.

MESSICK'S CHEAP CASH STORE.

GOLDEY WILMINGTON COMMERCIAL COLLEGE AND SCHOOL OF SHORT-HAND AND TYPE-WRITING, WILMINGTON, DEL.

INSTITUTE BUILDING, 2111 AND MARKET STREETS. Courses of study that will at once give young people of either sex a means of livelihood. All students graduated secure positions. Last year 320 students (93 ladies) from 35 places and 7 states attended this College. 50 graduates. Individual instruction; therefore new students enter at any time. College re-opens September 1st. Night sessions, Oct. 30. A magnificent, full descriptive catalogue, with photo-engravings, mailed free. Write for it. References: any prominent citizen of Wilmington.

Miscellaneous Ads.



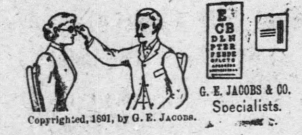
BEST MADE CLOTHING IN PHILADELPHIA.

Our Serges will enable you to keep cool. They are in blue, black and gray, and range from \$10 to 25. The \$14 suit is a happy medium and very popular, combining style, durability and everything requisite for comfort.

A breezy line of Negligee Shirts White and Fancy Flannel Coats, Black and Fancy Alpaccas, at moderate cost. Everybody is getting into our Bathing Suits—before long everybody will be getting into them.

A. C. YATES & CO.
COR. 13th AND CHESTNUT STS.
PHILADELPHIA.

Do Your Eyes Need Attention?



J. FRANK BRINKHOFF, Specialist in Diseases for the eye.

OF G. E. JACOBS & CO.,

Philadelphia, will be at my store on Saturday, OCTOBER 22nd, next. He will examine your eyes free of charge, and will determine if your eyes need any special treatment, and if so, he will adjust glasses.

Jewelry and Silverware.

A Fine Stock at Reasonable Prices.

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES.

Mrs. Thomas Massey

Middletown, Del.

REGISTER'S ORDER.

ROBERT'S OFFICE.

NEW CASTLE COUNTY, DEL.

September 13, 1892.

Upon the application of Isaac R. Staats, James R. Staats and Abram Staats, Executors of Isaac R. Staats, late of St. George County, deceased, it is ordered and directed by the Register that the Executors aforesaid give notice of granting of Letters of Administration upon the estate of the deceased, with the date of granting thereof, by causing advertisements to be posted within forty days from the date of such Letters in all of the most public places of said county, requiring all persons having demands against the estate to present the same, or abide by an Act of Assembly in such case made and provided; and also cause the same to be inserted within the same period in the Middletown Transcript, a newspaper published in Middletown, and to be continued therein two months.

Given under the hand and Seal of Office of the Register aforesaid, at Wilmington, in New Castle county aforesaid, the day and year above written.

J. WILKINS COUCH, Register.

Notice is hereby given that letters Testamentary were due from my writing desk, and under peculiar circumstances. The drawer in which it was placed was intended for a jewel casket, and its existence, even, known only to myself. I put the ring into the drawer last night about eleven o'clock. This morning it was gone, and I have not the least clue to its disappearance.

"How was the drawer located?" the superintendent asked, as she paused a moment.

"It was at the back of another drawer which had to be taken out before the casket could be reached. It was opened by touching a secret spring."

"And the desk itself?"

"Was made to order for me some years ago."

"You say no one but yourself knew of the existence of this drawer?"

"No one but the cabinet-maker and my husband—who died three years ago."

The tone died away in a whisper. So the confirmed melancholy of the face, the heavy crape shrouding the slender figure—these were accounted for.

"I must know something of your house—your family, madam."

"My house is a three-story brownstone in the middle of the block, on Usher avenue. My sleeping room is the rear room on the second floor. The desk stands in an extension at the rear of that, and at right angles with the window. I have no family—save my servants, a housekeeper, whose son lives in the house, and a colored cook."

"What is your opinion of the honesty of these persons?"

"The cook has never to my knowledge entered those rooms. My housekeeper, an old lady and dear friend, is above suspicion. So also is her son."

The superintendent shrugged his shoulders significantly.

"You probably in your profession suspect everybody," the lady said a little sharply.

"Pardon, madam, not everybody. Is her son employed about the house?"

"He—I at one time employed him as a coachman, but he was not trustworthy."

"Yet above suspicion, you say?"

"He is fond of liquor. I do not believe that he is a thief. Last night he did not come home at all."

"Ah!"

"You seem to attach some significance to that fact."

"That is inevitable."

"I mentioned it simply to prove that he was—"

The superintendent nodded in a manner which said that the logic of a lady was often unlike that of a police officer, and that different conclusions might be drawn from the same premises.

"You are sometimes away from home?" he said in an interrogative tone.

"Very seldom. My life is a secluded one. This is the first time I have been out of doors for over a month, and I receive no company."

"No one has ever seen you open this drawer?"

"No one, I am positive."

"And there is nothing missing but the ring?"

"There was nothing in the drawer—in the house. My other jewels—I wear no ornaments now of any kind, but I had many at the time this drawer was made for them—have been for months in the care of the Safe Deposit Company."

"Was the ring marked, madam?"

"Yes."

"In what way? Pardon me, but I must gain all the information possible."

"A date and initials—mine and—"

"Your husband's?"

"Not my husband's."

The superintendent was studying with great interest the point of a pencil which he had picked up from his desk.

"Are you willing to tell me why this was the only piece of jewelry you kept in the house? Not unless you are willing, you understand," he added, as she shrank a little.

"I will tell you, certainly," she said, in so frank a voice that he wondered how he could have supposed her reluctant. "Because it is the only link between me and a past which was precious. It was the only thing worth keeping in all my miserable and disappointed life. So much for the sentiment of the matter, if you care to hear it, though no one who could in any possible way be connected with it is now living."

"Your doors were looked through the night?"

"As they always are. I am a light sleeper, too, always. But above all, sir," she added, with great emphasis, "bear in mind what I have told you of the construction of this drawer. I would have risked that desk in the hands of fifty burglars. The casket could not have been discovered unless the desk was broken to pieces. Now, have you any theory about it?"

"One—and it must be the correct one, or my experience goes for nothing. The ring was taken by your housekeeper's son."

"Impossible!"

"I merely give you my opinion."

The lady looked greatly distressed.

"Are you willing that the young man should be watched for a few days? He need never know that he is an object of suspicion unless we have reason to believe him guilty."

"I will trust it to your judgment, sir," the lady said reluctantly.

The superintendent drew toward him a memorandum book.

"Your name, please?" he asked, as he wrote down the number of the house she had incidentally mentioned.

"Mrs. Westervelt."

"And the young man?"

"John Cheyne, at present employed in Holley's express office, Broad street."

"Do not fear, madam, that we shall disturb him now or at any future time without your express permission."

The superintendent of police was as practical and prosaic a man as could be found anywhere in the city. But he was completely fascinated by the lady's face and manner. Her voice, too, it was a wonderfully musical one, but the saddest he had ever heard in his life. "Nonsense!" he mentally ejaculated, ten minutes after she had left him. "At my time of life! Sixty-two, and as bald as I!" He rubbed his hand vigorously over his head, and then set as vigorously to work on a pile of papers lying on his desk.

On his way home that night he called upon the captain of the Thirtieth Precinct, one of the most valued men on the force—the intimate friend and confidant of his chief.

"Queer case to-day, Farleigh," the superintendent began, caressing a little Scotch terrier which showed extravagant delight at his presence; and he related all the details of his interview with Mrs. Westervelt.

The captain looked interested.

"You're on the right track, no doubt. The idea of your fascinating caller knowing anything of the ways in which such rascalities are carried on!"

"And her house is only a stone's throw from this station," the superintendent remarked. "It will be easy for you to keep an eye on it for a while—see who goes out and comes in. I believe every syllable she says, and yet—Put Willis on the track of this young Cheyne. He's a lynx, Willis is, and if there's any crooked work

QUESTIONING.

If there is a doubt in your heart to-day that stretches its shadow across to me, if you cannot look in my eyes and say, "My trust is perfect and full and free," For the sake of a day that would work us woe, I pray you, pity, and tell me so. When you look into my eyes and kiss my face And hold me close to your throbbing heart, Is there ever in it a hint or place That tells you we could ever part? Does a doubt, as faint as an unknown breath, Suggest a parting that was not death? Dear love, search so deep in your heart, I pray, That it's dimmest corner shall come to light, Then look me straight in the eyes and say The truth, as the truth seems just and right, If your love can change—ah, love does, I know—I pray you, pity, and tell me so. —C. M. Mauville.

THE ONLY LINK.

LADY, chief. The clerk bowed slightly, as with a gesture he intimated to the caller, who had waited for nearly half an hour in the ante-room, that she was at liberty to enter the inner office.

The superintendent of police, standing upon the threshold where he had dismissed his last visitor, looked attentively at the heavily veiled figure which moved toward him. Placing an arm-chair for her beside his desk, he seated himself at his official post and waited for her to speak. Without any hesitation, she threw aside her veil, glancing around the office as if particularly curious as to her surroundings. She was a woman about thirty years of age, whose face, though wearing an expression of the profoundest melancholy, was remarkably lovely and interesting.

"I have come to you for advice," she said, looking questioning at the superintendent.

He was a thin, wiry little man, who with the tips of his forefingers pressed closely together was regarding her keenly through half-shut eyes.

"I shall be most happy to give it, madam."

The lady smiled slightly—it was plain to see that she smiled seldom—at a suggestion in his tone.

"Perhaps your advice is oftener asked than taken," she said. "That is no unusual occurrence anywhere, and may I say frankly that it is quite probable I may not act upon yours."

The superintendent bowed impressively, a twinkle in the keen, half-shut eyes.

"A diamond ring," she began, "has been stolen from my writing desk, and under peculiar circumstances. The drawer in which it was placed was intended for a jewel casket, and its existence, even, known only to myself. I put the ring into the drawer last night about eleven o'clock. This morning it was gone, and I have not the least clue to its disappearance."

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going on he'll get at it in no time. I'd give a good deal to recover that ring for her—I admit that much, Farleigh," and with a laugh the superintendent passed out into the street.

It was several days before the two men met again.

"Anything going on at Usher avenue?" the superintendent inquired, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the house.

Captain Farleigh shook his head.

"The hinges of the front door have a good chance to grow rusty this rainy weather," he remarked. "I doubt if it has been opened since the lady passed through it to go to you. Lang has grown quite excited over it—had a glimpse of the lady's face at the window once, and has raved over her ever since as wildly as you did. I believe he's watching the house now by night as well as by day, though I've no idea what for. Perhaps he has."

"How about the suspicious John Cheyne?"

"I should judge from Willis's report that he's about as harmless an idiot as you could find; knows enough to get drunk occasionally, but even then generally has some one at his elbow to jog it for him. He never took that ring—that I could swear to—unless it were left under his nose."

"Who did, then?"

"A question easier asked than answered."

The superintendent shrugged his shoulders.

"I hate to find myself so far out of my reckoning. I'd counted on making an easy job of this matter. Positively I was fool enough to believe that I could find that ring in the first pawnshop, and so far I've not discovered it anywhere inside the station district. There's another development in that diamond ring case, Farleigh. I had another note from the lady this morning."

"Another note! You don't mean to say that?"

"Yes, I've written to her several times."

"And what in the world—"

"About the ring, of course. I've told her what we were doing, and how little reason young Cheyne had given to confirm my suspicion of him. I knew that would please her, as it's easy to see that she's extremely fond of the boy's mother."

The captain was laughing, and as the chief slapped him on the shoulder he laughed in his turn.

"Oh, it's no use. I'm not quite such a fool as that—don't believe it! But it's been a little excitement—a little recreation. It's done me good, and I warrant it hasn't hurt her. Hurt her! That woman has done one hurt, if I'm not mistaken, that will last her for her life. And every breath she breathes is devoted to the memory of some dear love or other. Happy ghost! I'd almost be willing to change places with him, whoever or whatever he is. 'Tisn't her husband, that's sure. Look at this!"

As he talked he took from his pocket and unfolded the note of which he had spoken, pointing to the elaborate monogram at the top of the sheet.

"That's superb so far," the captain said, examining it with great interest.

The superintendent read it aloud.

"Mrs. Westervelt desires to again express her sincere thanks to the superintendent of police for the great interest he has shown in the matter upon which his advice was solicited, but begs that he will

The Transcript.

Thursday Afternoon, Oct. 20th, 1892

THE HIGHLAND SHEPHERD BOY.

Through a tangle of purple heather,
Where a wimpling burn ran deep,
A lad in his Highland bonnet
Came driving a flock of sheep.

But eyes had reached his bonnet,
Half hidden in shining moss,
Where the sheepwalk sloped to the shaft,
Low.

At which they were used to cross—
The flock, in their silly shyness,
Turned suddenly startled back,
Because in the path before them,
Right over the beaten track,

A shepherd sat with his ease,
So busy he had not stirred;
And the noise of the hoofs that pattered
Behind him he had not heard.

"Hand out my gait!" the shepherd
Bawled lustily from the steep—
"Hand out my gait!" he called—
And the flock was in the lead.

From the copse a liveried gillie
Slipped suddenly to his side—
"To whom do you speak so freely?"
With a tone of rebuke cried.

"Why, sure, to the laddy yonder,
Who has nae the sense to know
That the sheep are the sheep's own,
As, sir, ye mean to tell the sheep."

"I tell her—Why, lad, ye laddy
Is the grandest you've ever seen:
Her home is in the hills, and
And she is the Queen of the Glen."

"Well, how could I ken her?" queried
The boy with a cap on his head—
"Why, she's the laddy yonder,
Who has nae the sense to know."

"Why, she's the laddy yonder,
Who has nae the sense to know—
That the sheep are the sheep's own,
As, sir, ye mean to tell the sheep."

—Margaret J. Preston in Youth's Companion.

THE DEEP CUT.

It was a beautiful May morning.
I mused my legs (I had, still have
a habit of curling myself up when I
want to enjoy a good novel), tossed
my book aside, stretched myself
wearily and looked down the road
toward Woodburn. Although I had
done nothing but read all morning, I
was hungry. Youth and high health
always combine to strengthen the
demand for breakfast. It was time
my dinner had come, I said to myself,
glancing at the clock in my
cagelike room. Just then a familiar
sound caused me to rise and open
the door.

There, on the path beside the railway,
stood Tim Ferris. His golden curls
were blowing across his blue eyes,
dancing up and down in the
May wind, bobbing like clover heads
before the breeze. He was patting
along barefooted on the clay path
made by the workmen who made
the deep cut and the bridge. The
basket on his arm seemed a trifle
heavy. He was puffing energetically
when I called to him:

"What's your hurry, Tim?"

He hurried on until he stood at the
bottom of the station on the clay path
to my station, looked up at me with
sparkling eyes and answered:

"I couldn't help it. I'm to go to
Woodburn to see the circus, and
there's a real live elephant, and a
trichus, and lions and whales and a
unicorn."

Here Tim, relieved of his basket
and barefoot, drew a long breath,
looked at his feet, at his ragged
clothes, then up at me, wistfully,
and added: "I don't know how many
things there is, but Jim Stacy says
there never was nothing like it.
And main said I can go—but I've got
to be quick, 'cos Jim Stacy's going
to take me in his wagon, and he's morn'
rattin' things to get ready."

"In that case, Tim," said I, "you'd
best not wait for the things, I'll
take them home myself. You just
hasten home, young man, and—
here."

Tim's eyes grew as big as two
saucers as he looked at the coin in
his palm, then up into my face. His
bright blue eyes were moist; the little
fellow was crying with joy already.
He opened his mouth to thank me,
but I cut him short.

"That's all right, Tim. You cut
right back home, and tell your
mother I will make the damage good
if anything happens to you. I'll
won't do to go shabby, Tim. You
must blacken your shoes and put a
ribbon on your hat."

"Main won't have no time."

"You listen to me. You can go
home through the deep cut!"

"Through the deep cut, Mr. Moore?"

"I said through the deep cut, and
I'll save more than half a mile, and
you will be ready before Stacy calls
for you."

"I'm glad you told me."

And Tim was off like a bird.

What a happy little fellow he was,
so brave and manly, and the soul of
truth. I should in his bright blue
eyes, illuminated his whole face.
Nobody could look at Tim Ferris,
ragged, dirty, sunburned as he was,
without seeing and appreciating all
that was most to be admired and
loved in a child of eight. That was
the sun total of Tim's life.

As his yellow curls gleamed in the
sunshine, I gave him a parting glance,
then put my foot on the steps to
mount to my station, when the clatter
of a horse's hoofs on the road fell
on my ear.

It was Bob Somers going home
from Woodburn with the morning
mail for his father's mill. I knew
Bob and Bob's horse well. He was
unmounted, dismounted, as was his
wont, and sat down on my steps to
talk about the last frolic over at
Siddley's barn raising. Meantime, I
was absorbing Mrs. Ferris' warm
meat, biscuit, pie and milk as fast
as a hungry man could, talking be-
tween bites. The office was as quiet
as a churchyard. Bob was describ-
ing, in strict confidence, the young
lady who was to be Mrs. Bob Somers
some day, when Rockford called me.

I paused in the act of nipping a
good half of one of Mrs. Ferris' pies,
and inclined an ear. Rockford was
twelve miles west of my station.
Usually I called Rockford, and then
only to communicate matters of mo-
ment sent me from the east. Other-
wise I was not to meddle with Rock-
ford. The call from Rockford sound-
ed sharper than usual. It was so
imperative that even Bob Somers
remarked it.

"Sounds like as if they were in an
all-fired hurry, whoever it is."

I bounded up the steps and an-
swered promptly. Rockford respond-
ed in return. Short, clear and sharp
came the message:

Bridges down at Baker's Run. Construction
train due Woodburn at 12:15. Advise Wood-
burn.

Such a shock I never experienced
before, and I hope I never may
again. A cold chill ran over me. I
suppose it was imagination, but I
thought my heart ceased to beat for
half a minute, and then it gave a
mighty throbb as I signalled Wood-

burn, sharply, again and again.
Woodburn responded crustily. I re-
peated the message, then stood just
long enough to receive the O. K. In
the meantime I had decided upon
my course.

I leaped—I did not run—down the
short flight of stairs in front of my
station, sprang upon Bob Somers'
horse, spurred him with my heels
viciously and galloped along the rail-
way as fast as the horse would carry
me. I did not pause to explain; I
did not speak; all my energies cen-
tered on one object. A human life—
a precious human life—was at stake,
and that life was the light of a
household.

I had unwittingly sent little Tim
Ferris to his death.

To explain. The Woodburn con-
nection was new. Months must
elapse before travel to the east
could be resumed. The bridge over
the river could be directed over the
new branch. In the mean-
time one passenger and one freight
train moved east and west past Stan-
ley every morning and evening.

The road between Rockford and
Woodburn was so silent the greater
part of the time that the birds made
noise near the ties, and squirrels
frisked along the rails in the sun-
shine undisturbed.

I imagined, as I galloped madly
along the railway, now on one track,
now between the tracks, now on the
other, I could hear the roar of the
construction train thundering around
the curves near the river. Once or
twice I checked the horse, and
listened with throbbing heart. The
deep cut echoed the sound of the
horse's hoofs. I fancied I heard the
chug! chug! chug! of the locomotive.

I was not sure. All the while I
was in the agony of apprehension.
The deep cut was dangerous place
for an adult. There were places
where the crumbling bank of soft
earth and sand sloped down to the
track. Unless a man or woman had
the presence of mind to lie down on
the bank, a train passing would grind
them to pieces. There were other
places where the jutting rocks were
so close to the track that not one
man in a thousand could have main-
tained his place while a train thun-
dered past him, and last—worst of
all—there was the tunnel. Short as
it is, more than one poor life had
been lost in it.

And I sent little Tim through the
deep cut to certain death. I felt like
a murderer. My thoughtlessness
would cost a human life. I, and I
alone, was responsible.

These thoughts occupied my mind
to the exclusion of everything else
as I rode through the cut. No! I
rebelled at my own danger; the risk I
subscribed to was not for my own
sake. I was going to save a life.

At the same instant I beheld little
Tim's golden curls waving from side
to side as he trotted, all unconscious
of peril, homeward. Back of me
thundered the locomotive. Likened
it to the angel of death, the sud-
den roar of the train was like the
sound of the angel's wings. My life
—little Tim's life—all depended on
the distance the train was from us.

Two plans presented themselves
clearly to me. I might spring from
the horse, leave it to take its chances
galloping through the tunnel, and
if anything happened to it, I would
yielding, sandy bank he was totting
past happily. Or I might lift him
up and urge the horse to his utmost
through the tunnel.

As I thought of Bob Somers' horse,
of the horrors that might ensue in
the tunnel in case the horse threw
the train off the track, my course
was decided on the instant.

I galloped down to Tim's side; he
had turned on hearing the horse's
hoofs clattering over the ties and
roadbed, and stood looking up at me
with a smiling face. Leaning to-
ward him, calling to him to give me
both hands, I lifted him up suddenly,
grasping him in a fierce embrace
and held him close before me as I urged
the horse onward.

Tim's face, as he looked into mine,
displayed terror. He clung to me in-
stinctively, closing his lips firmly.
No sound escaped him. The iron
steed followed fast along at my back
with a dull roar. It was a race be-
tween Bob Somers' steed and the iron
horse. Bob Somers' steed fairly
bounded when the roar of the iron
horse swelled into a warning volume.

On, on he sped, until suddenly the
light of day was excluded. The sun
len roar was silenced for a time. I
breathed free. The danger was so
imminent after all.

Suddenly an awful sound struck
terror to my heart. Bob Somers'
horse snorted, trembled, snorted
again, then shot forward so suddenly
as almost to unsettle me. The loco-
motive had entered the tunnel!

Have you ever realized the simi-
larity the tread that heavy iron
wheels bear to the steady trot of a
thoroughbred? Stand on a railway
bridge in the silence of the night and
listen to the rush and roar of the lo-
comotive going and coming, and you
will understand me clearly.

The awe inspiring tread of the
lightning footed steed throwing me
obliterated all other feelings for a
time. The earth reeled and rocked
beneath me. I pictured to myself an
atmosphere charged with the heat
and glare of the panting iron mon-
ster as it rushed down upon horse
and riders; saw in my mind man,
boy and steed, hurled to the side of
the tunnel, crushed remorselessly un-
der the wheels. Among all the vivid
experiences of my life—and I have
survived a battle charge, shipwreck
and railroad horrors—none ever im-
pressed me with the horror I felt in
the short space of time I was in that
tunnel listening to the murderous
wheels rolling down upon us.

I recalled the horrors of a calamity
that stunned the nation—a railway
disaster where scores were sacrificed.
Then as now the earth seemed fair-
ly to rattle before me as I clamped

my hands to my ears to shut out the
screams of my fellows. In a flash of
time the lights in the crowded
coaches were extinguished; there
was a shock as of worlds coming to-
gether, a crash and a roar of escap-
ing steam, followed by the snapping
and cracking of timbers, the grind-
ing of iron and stone and wood in its
describable confusion. Such a scene
as the stars shone on that winter's
night I trust human eye may never
witness again. Shapeless limbs
scorched beyond recognition; faces
blackened, ghastly, headless trunks;
isolated limbs, a woman's long tresses
waving here, a hand thrust up there;
the cracking, seething flames licking
up, devouring, overpowering all.

I rode blindly, dead to daylight,
with all my senses strained to their
utmost tension. Woodburn lay peace-
fully in the bright sunlight off to the
right. I could see the church spire
and court house across the top of the
bank. There was one chance in a
thousand, a chance for Tim and me.

I shook my feet free of the stirrups,
swung Tim around suddenly to the
left, at the same time swinging my
right leg over the pommel of the
saddle, and plunged rather than
leaped into the bank of sand and fine
gravel. Our plunge set the sand in
motion; but I held Tim's face down-
ward; held my head downward while
the train thundered past. Then I
slid and staggered upon my feet,
rubbed the sand out of my eyes, now
blurred with dust and hugged Tim
in a delirium of delight over our
miraculous escape.

As the construction train disap-
peared from view, and I urged Tim
forward to a place of safety, he
pointed to an object below us, where
I beheld a quivering mass—all that
remained of the gallant horse.

Bob Somers' horse was crushed into
a yielding, pulpy, inanimate lump,
lying there beside the rails, his head
twisted back under his neck, shorn
of his fore feet, bleeding, bruised and
buffeted beyond recognition.

"We beat the railroad, didn't we?"
said little Tim, looking up at me with
a face whose pale color contrasted
strangely with the stains of sand and
gravel. It was the first word he ut-
tered from the moment I picked him
up.

"Yes, Tim, by God's mercy."

"But we'd ought what the horse
got if we hadn't jumped." Then,
after a short pause, "Tim most afraid
to go to see the unicorn and the lion."

"Oh, but you will, Tim! and you
must tell me how many bears and
monkeys you see at the circus. I'll
go home with you and see that your
mother gets you ready in time for
Sissy."

And I did, and Tim saw enough at
the circus that afternoon to furnish
him with speculations that lasted as
long as I was on duty at Stanley sta-
tion.

The company paid Bob Somers a
handsome sum for his horse, but if
you'd toss all the land lying on either
side of the Woodburn branch, and
the branch itself into one lump, I'd
not go through one minute of that
day's experience for it.—David Lowry
in Pittsburg Bulletin.

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THE ONLY LINK.

[Concluded from First Page.]

"This is a most unexpected pleasure,
Heloise," Hale Westervelt sneered,
looking at his wife; "but, since you're
here, I'd like to ask where's the rest
of the jewelry you used to keep in your
writing desk cabinet? I looked for it
a few days ago, and if I'd found it I
shouldn't have been in this hole. I
kept the ring by me as a sort of small
change, you know, in case I should
need it. But the game's up. It
never was worth the candle. Give
my respects to the old gentleman when
he calls in the morning. You can keep
the pistol to remember me by, Bertram
Farleigh. Ta, ta!"

With a quick movement he drew
from the lining of his sleeve a small
dirt knife. It flashed in the light for
one instant, and then, taking a step
toward his wife, he plunged it into his
heart, and fell heavily at her feet.

With a shriek, she hid her face upon
the superintendent's shoulder, and,
with his arm about her, he led her
out of the station house. It was not
more than ten minutes before he re-
turned. The captain of the police
was alone. Upon a bench, his face
covered with a handkerchief, lay the
body of the suicide, whose blood
stained the floor.

"And I could have murdered him
once," the captain said facing his chief.
"You know now the only secret and
the only sorrow of my life."

They stood apart together as a
wagon rattled up to the door and the
dead body was carried out of the
station house.

"Mrs. Westervelt has her ring once
more," the superintendent said
quietly, to his companion, as the sound
of wheels died away in the distance.
"I put it back on her finger myself—
for you. After a while you will go
and see it there. You have my per-
mission and my blessing, my boy!"

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from prac-
tice, having had placed in his hands by
an East India missionary the formula
of a simple vegetable remedy for the
speedy and permanent cure of Consump-
tion, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and
all throat and Lung affections, also a
simple and radical cure for Nervous
Debility and all Nervous Complaints,
after having tested its wonderful curative
powers in thousands of cases, has
felt it his duty to make it known to his
suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this
motivation and a desire to relieve human
suffering, I will send free of charge, to
all who desire it, this recipe, in Ger-
man, French or English, with full
directions for preparing and using.
Send by mail by addressing with stamp,
naming this paper, W. A. NOYES,
Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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